



"ARBUTUS IS ONE OF THE THINGS A GOOD AMERICAN KNOWS ALL ABOUT."

Ryder's Keepsake.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

"I DON'T understand yet just why Ryder Olsen didn't hit off with us for this hike to Carver Hill," said Willard, as he followed Bert along the cart-path where the red and gold of maple flowers outlined the tree limbs that laced over the deeply rutted wood-road.

"Do you suppose Gordon put his foot into the date Ryder had made with us?" added Bert. "I know he's boasted that he'd beat us to the honor of bringing in the first arbutus of this season, and he may have talked Ryder over to going in with him. They both sneaked away after school."

A dead twig snapped under Willard's stout boot. The boys had left the maple woods and were threading a needle-carpeted path among the towering pines at the farther side of which they hoped to find the first arbutus blossoms of the season. It was a southern slope where the oaks had been cut two years before. That left the rich leaf-bed of the arbutus right in the warm sunshine, with the pines for a wind break.

"I don't believe Gordon knows about this place on Carver Hill unless he's managed to worm it out of Ryder. That's where he may have cut under us," said Willard. "If Ryder has told on us—Wow! I couldn't guess if he knows enough English to understand all our talk about Mayflowers, and how the Pilgrims

found them around here after that first hard winter, and how the first fellow to find them this season is to have a trip up to Boston with Mr. Doten."

"I never can make out how much of my talk Ryder understands; but I wanted to let him in on this, and talked a good deal more than may have been good for us," said Bert, ruefully. "Arbutus is one of the things a good American knows all about, and going up to Boston would be some treat to that young Norseman."

"Say, I meant to have another look at that thing he brought to school this noon-time. He said his grandfather hammered and cut it out of raw copper for his keepsake of Norway."

"There was his grandmother's profile on one side, and some letters on the other. I'd like to look it over again myself," said Bert, breaking into a run as they reached the clearing beyond the pines.

The sun shone warmly there, and the boys pushed through the low tangle of last year's bushes to the slope where they had seen arbutus leaves the week before. Willard knelt and began to clear the blanket of dead oak leaves from the arbutus vines.

"Here's a bud showing pink!" he cried excitedly.

Bert had passed Willard to work at a spot where the exposure might have been more favorable to the arbutus. The location of the first flower depends on so many conditions of sunshine and shelter and soil, that a few feet would probably mean

the difference between buds and blossoms. But it was not an arbutus flower that first caught Bert's attention when he reached for a handful of the dead leaf blanket.

"Will! Here's Ryder Olsen's keepsake!" he called.

"What!" flashed Willard.

"Hold out your hand," ordered Bert, dropping the circle of burnished metal onto Willard's outstretched palm. "That's the profile of his grandmother."

Willard turned the beautiful, hand-wrought keepsake over, but the boys could not hope to translate the strange words cut into the metal on the other side.

"I suppose finding this means that Ryder has beaten us to the arbutus," said Bert, ruefully, watching the sunshine catch and glitter on the corner of the letters as Willard twisted his open hand. "I guess he understood our fancy explanations all right, all right!"

"That isn't a healthy idea to imagine," objected Willard. "My point is that Ryder values this keepsake a whole lot. He'd hardly let it out of his hand this noon-time, and he only brought it to show because the boys have heckled him about starting in the first grade to learn English, and he wanted to show them how smart his grandfather is and that he could read words they couldn't read. He'll be wild when he finds he's lost it."

Bert grinned.

"We can get down to his house over the rocks," he said, pointing to the red roof of a cottage at the edge of the village which nestled along the water's edge below the hill. Beyond the village the blue water of the tide-filled bay stretched to a sandy, twin-lighted point on the other side, and back in the curve of the shore the sunlight gleamed on the granite figure of the doughty little Captain who had made his dwelling on that inner circle of the historic bay.

"Lead on!" said Willard, slipping the keepsake into a safe pocket.

It was a breakneck trip straight down over the ledge which cropped out of the ground on that side of Carver Hill, but the boys had traveled over it so often that they knew the very best trail over the rocks. They slid and clung and dropped from foothold to handhold, until they reached the bottom, and then raced across the field toward the red-roofed cottage they had seen from the clearing on the Hill. A tall woman was feeding chickens at a yard coop.

"Can you tell us where Ryder is, Mrs. Olsen?" asked Bert.

The woman shook her head and hands expressively.

"She doesn't understand six words of English," guessed Willard.

"Ryder!" said Bert, emphatically, and raising his voice as he might have to to a deaf person. "Ryder!"

Mrs. Olsen smiled and pointed toward the town and finally made the boys understand that Ryder had not returned from school, and that she was troubled about his non-appearance. Willard gave her the keepsake and she took it with troubled amazement.

"We'll find Ryder," said Bert, gesticulating his meaning so she understood.

"Perhaps he and Gordon were somewhere on Carver Hill," said Bert, as the boys turned away from Mrs. Olsen. "I think we'd better look for them there."

"So do I. We'll go back and see what's doing anyhow," flashed Willard. "We've got to get to the bottom of this mystery."

"Lead on!" returned Bert.

Although climbing the ledge would be the shortest line to the position they wanted on Carver Hill, it would take the boys so long to crawl up over the rock trail that around by the cart-path was the much quicker way to reach the slope. Willard ran ahead through the maple woods and over the needle carpet under the towering pines, until he reached the sunny slope above the ledge. Bert kept at his heels, and noticed first the sign of disturbance among the naked limbs of the low bushes of the clearing.

"Some one has been on a rampage! See how the bushes are broken, Will!" he cried.

"I should say as much. It must have been a regular stampede," added Willard, staring at the patch of broken bushes.

"Wow! Look out, boy!" called Bert, who had started ahead to investigate. "Here's an angry white-faced hornet ramping around."

"Careful! Here's a dozen hopping mad ones. Somebody stirred up a nest of them, and were in plenty of trouble right away! That's what the broken bushes mean," declared Willard, hurrying along the trail that led so plainly from the patch where the bushes were broken. One hot stab went through the fleshy part of his finger, and another hit his shoulder.

The angry hornets buzzed around the boys, but Willard and Bert warily managed to evade most of the stings, and at last the white faces fell behind. Willard sat down on a fallen log to pull the poisoned barb from his swelling finger.

"Now we'll get further information about the mystery. Some one has surely been here since we left," said Bert. "And some one, probably Ryder, was surely here just before we came the other time. And here's a plain trail to follow."

"Ready," said Willard, getting up.

"Help! Help!" called a plaintive voice from the edge of the clearing.

"I should say as much!" gasped Bert, when he looked down at the swollen, distorted face of the boy who crouched there on the ground. Both eyes were closed by swelling from stings in the soft flesh around them, and there were knobs of them on his jaws. His hands were torn and bleeding from his efforts to crawl through the tangle of underbrush. His voice was hoarse from the pain of the torturing stings.

"Hello, Gordon!" cried Willard, over Bert's shoulder. "Here's plenty of help."

"I heard voices somewhere! Get me home, fellows!" pleaded the injured boy.

"Wait a jiffy!" said Willard. "There's baking-soda in my pocket that will make those stings feel better. We're not ten feet from the cold spring, and that water'll make you more comfortable. You surely did wake up the white faces."

"Bumped right into the nest," explained Gordon, as the boys made him more comfortable with the cold water and a coating of soda over the stings. "I was up here when you came the first time, and hid in the bushes. Honest, I found this place ten days ago, so my being here for arbutus was on the square, but I thought if you saw me you might think Ryder tattled. And Ryder is in plenty of trouble of his own. You saw that keepsake he brought to school at noontime?"

The boys nodded.

"Didn't you see that keepsake Ryder had around school at noontime?" repeated Gordon.

"Yes," said Bert, who was first to understand that nods were unseen by the questioner.

"He dropped it sometime during recess. I picked it up. Of course I didn't mean to keep it only long enough to give Ryder a scare, but I brought it up here when I came for arbutus, and then after you'd gone I found the thing was missing. I'd dropped it somewhere in the bushes. Say, you can guess I scrambled some without watching for hornets. And in two minutes I couldn't see out of my eyes. I had to feel every inch to get away from the stingers, and I had to crawl because I had lost all sense of direction and there was the ledge I might tumble over pretty handy."

"We'll get you home right side up," promised Willard.

"Take me to Ryder's first," begged Gordon. "I must tell him about the keepsake."

"That's safe enough," said Bert, explaining how they had found and returned the precious token.

"Take me to Ryder, just the same," said Gordon. "I must tell him what I did and that I'm sorry."

"All right," promised Willard, taking Gordon's right hand firmly in his own. Bert clasped the blinded boy's left hand and they started slowly down the needle-carpeted cart-path.

"Trust us to know where your feet are going," said Bert, noticing how Gordon faltered at every step. "Don't be afraid!"

"Keep leading!" said Gordon. "I'm trusting you a whole lot!"

A minute later they saw Ryder coming and he hailed them gladly.

"I find you to thank for my keepsake!" he cried. "Mother told me you found it; and I should say I was like a crazy man for the lost because of my carelessness."

"And I find you to say that I'm sorry I didn't return it right off. Then you wouldn't have been in a stew. My wrong idea made a mess all around, Ryder, and these fellows have done themselves proud helping me out," said Gordon.

Ryder smiled.

"I find you are all my friends American! I tell you first that to-morrow I am promoted to the third grade at school. Pretty soon, I sit in your own schoolroom. This noon I did not tell you the words in English of my keepsake. I should remember them always to be happy, said grandfather. It is, 'Be not afraid.' It is that I should think right with God in my heart,

and be not afraid what happens," said Ryder.

It was Gordon who answered him.

"Ryder, you follow this cart-path up to the clearing. Look out for the hornets! Find the little rock sticking out of the ground near a big pine at the edge of the clearing. On the ground at the sunny side of that rock you will find some arbutus in blossom. Take the flowers to Mr. Doten before he leaves his office in the Standish Building. Do you understand?"

"I understand that it is your wish I should have the treat to Boston! Did I not say that I find you all friends who make me very glad to be American? It is the words of grandfather, that everywhere in the world I should never be afraid what happens."

Hidden Gold.

BY ELSIE LUSTIG.

A SWEET little girl went out one day To hunt for a handful of gold, they say.

She looked in the cowslip and shook out the dew

Of the dandelion yellow, bright buttercup too.

But where do you think it was hid all the while?

In the sunshine that came with her wee brother's smile!

A Hero to the Wiggles.

BY ZOE HARTMAN.

PING! went Gene's sling-shot and the Baltimore oriole hunting for basket-worms on the nearby tamarix bush flew away with a flash of his orange-and-black wings.

"Goody! I'm glad you missed him!" cried Gene's older sister Dot. "It's the meanest thing in the world to kill a bird!"

"I don't see why!" Gene reloaded the sling-shot, but hesitated to shoot again with Dot's eye on him, for she was not at all afraid to say exactly what she thought of him. "Of course, birds have a pretty song. But what good are they?"

"Huh!" sniffed Dot. "You just try killing them all off and see how much garden or trees or grass we'd have after the bugs got through with them!"

"Don't believe it!" laughed Gene. Just the same, he watched the tamarix bush and presently saw the oriole return, dive in along the leaves and fly out with a fuzzy tent caterpillar squirming in his bill. He knew that the bird was carrying home supper to a nestful of little orioles in the big elm not far from the house.

Some time later when Mother called him to bed, he heard a sleepy twittering from the oriole's nest, a stone's throw from his bedroom window, and he wondered how many of those wiggly caterpillars the oriole family had had for supper. Soon the fireflies began to flit among the elm branches and he wished they were big enough to light up the nest for him. Suddenly one of them started toward him, growing larger every moment, until he saw that it was an infant lantern in the hand of a queer, ugly little being with bright, shoe-button eyes and a pointed cap like that of a gnome.

"Great hero!" cried the stranger, in a voice somewhere between the croak of a frog and the chirp of a locust. "The Wiggles celebrate to-night and invite you to be their guest. Come!"

"Who are the Wiggles?" inquired Gene.

"You will see. Come!"

Uneasily Gene noted an uncanny glitter in the eye of this strange creature, whose coat resembled the hard, shiny back of a beetle. Yet his manner was so politely urgent, and even flattering, that Gene could not resist him. So he followed the messenger of the Wiggles into a giant forest, where the trees cast frowning shadows that seemed to grow larger with every step. Gene soon saw that many of the trees were really mammoth plantain leaves and clover stalks, with everything around them magnified to suit their size.

Suddenly the forest opened into a clearing and Gene found himself without his guide in the midst of a circle of the strangest monsters he had ever seen, facing a throne that looked like a gigantic toadstool, on which sat a huge, hairy, evil-looking spider wearing a crown and a robe of filmy cobwebs. All the circle were bowing before this hideous creature, so Gene bowed, too, and was surprised to have the spider return the bow.

"Hail, great hero!" said the royal monster. "The Wiggles salute you as their friend and champion. Welcome to our celebration!"

Gene bowed again, much impressed, and politely inquired why the Wiggles were celebrating.

Instantly came the chorus so loud and violent that it made Gene jump: "The Oriole is dead! Gene killed him! Long live the Wiggles!"

"Loyal subjects, the great tribe of Wiggles owes much to Gene!" shouted the spider king. "If he hadn't shot the Oriole, our enemy would have eaten us all!"

"That's true!" barked a fierce-looking grasshopper about as big as a Newfoundland dog. "The Oriole used to lunch on hundreds of my tribe and even chopped off their wings and carried them home to his miserable nestlings!"

"Yes, and he has fed as many as a hundred of my family to his wretched children for breakfast alone!" sobbed an angry plant-louse nearly the size of a robin.

"Fellow Wiggles, we must reward Gene!" went on the spider king. "How shall we thank our noble preserver?"

"I will do all in my power to honor him!" cried a monster click beetle, stepping out of the circle and ogling alarmingly at Gene. "Great hero, you shall share with me and my cousins, the wire-worms, the privileges of the garden. Come with us and we will eat up all the lettuce and cabbages."

"My family and I will give you half the leaves on the tamarix bush to eat!" offered the chief of a colony of basket-worms as they wriggled around Gene like so many big snakes escaped from the zoo.

Just then he jumped back, startled by a noise like a great buzz-saw and noticed an enormous locust grinning at him over his shoulder.

"Come with me," said the locust, "and you and I will feast on the finest crop of wheat!"



A GROUP OF "BLUEBIRDS" IN THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH SCHOOL, OKLAHOMA CITY, WITH THEIR TEACHER.

Before Gene could reply, a crane-fly that seemed as large as a hawk sidled up to him and whispered, "Then after we've stripped the wheat field, you'll come home and dine with the larvae of my family on nice juicy shrub and grass roots, won't you?"

Gene was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable and shuddery, for he liked their society less and less every minute. He was about to decline the last invitation when a greater terror appeared at his elbow in the form of two mighty caterpillars that reminded him of pythons he had seen at the circus, only one was very hairy and the other smooth.

"The Oriole feasted on our tribe more than any other of the Wiggles," they declared, fixing Gene with their big, beady eyes. "So we are even more thankful than the rest for his death. We intend to celebrate by eating the leaves off all the trees in this wood. You may share them with us, great hero!"

Gene shrank away from their slimy folds.

"But what honor shall we as a people pay him?" thundered the spider king. "Shall he not be declared Lord High Protector of our kingdom and Commander of our armies?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted all the Wiggles, with enthusiasm. "Gene shall lead our armies and help us capture all the green things of the earth!"

"Great Commander, I shall need your services at once!" cried the boll weevil, bustling up to Gene with many a self-important wriggle of its pink body. "I am raising an army to march on the distant cotton-fields. You have no idea how much that hateful Oriole has interfered with my work, but now that he is dead, my raid can begin!"

"Goodness, I couldn't lead an army," stammered Gene, dismayed. "I'm not a fighter!"

"Not a fighter!" roared the Wiggles. "Didn't you kill the Oriole, our mortal enemy?"

Gene looked around for the guide that had brought him there, but the gnome had vanished. On every side Gene saw only glaring eyes and hairy, bristling heads and ugly bodies hemming him in close.

"Maybe I did!" he shouted in desperate defiance. "But I never would have done it if I'd realized I was saving dreadful creatures like you! Help you destroy all the green things? I should say I won't! Oh, I'll never kill another oriole as long as I live!"

The threatening circle gave an angry buzz and tightened about him. Fearing they were about to strangle him, he shouted lustily and beat them off with both hands. Suddenly the forest vanished and he found himself sitting up in bed pounding his pillow with his fists. It was broad daylight and the birds were chirping happily in the big elm.

Gene looked out and saw the familiar flash of black-and-orange wings as the oriole darted past the window with a mouthful of worms for his nestlings' breakfast. One of them was a great hairy caterpillar just like the one he had seen in the forest.

"I didn't kill the oriole, after all!" he cried aloud in relief. "It was only a dream! My, I'm glad!"

Over Night, a Rose.

THAT over night a rose could come

I one time did believe,

For when the fairies live with one,

They willfully deceive.

But now I know this perfect thing

Under the frozen sod

In cold and storm grew patiently

Obedient to God.

My wonder grows, since knowledge came

Old fancies to dismiss;

And courage comes. Was not the rose

A winter doing this?

Nor did it know, the weary while,

What color and perfume

With this completed loveliness

Lay in that earthy tomb.

So maybe I, who cannot see

What God wills not to show,

May some day bear a rose for Him

It took my life to grow.

The Boston Transcript.



THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

1311 E. 2ND STREET,
DULUTH, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—My sister and brother are members of the Beacon Club and I should like to join too. I am just thirteen years old. Eric, who is twelve, and I are freshmen in high school now and like it very much.

Duluth is beautifully situated on the side of a hill sloping up from the shores of Lake Superior.

The skiing and coasting here are wonderful. We also skate on the lake and on city rinks.

Our Sunday school, recently reopened, has twenty-five members. Mother teaches the class that I am in, and we are studying the Old Testament and the Life of Jesus on alternate Sundays. Last month, the school gave \$18 towards some new church hymn-books.

We have a visitor most Sundays from the Women's Alliance, and she sometimes speaks a few words to us about when she went to the Sunday school.

We are a democratic school and do our own voting for officers and on any other questions. One of the girls is treasurer and another secretary. I wish we were near enough for you to visit us.

Yours lovingly,
MONICA ADLARD.

1312 WHITE AVENUE,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old. I go to the Unitarian Church and I get *The Beacon* every week. The stories are fine. I read "Trail of Fox-in-the-Dark." It was the best story I ever read.

I am in the First Junior Class; there are

five children in the class. Mrs. Dean is my teacher.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
MARY SCHAEFFER.

40 BERKELEY STREET,
READING, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have six boys in our Sunday-school class. We study "Heroic Lives." Our teacher's name is Robert Ham and our minister's name is Rev. M. F. Ham. I have one pin for perfect attendance and I hope to have another one. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
EDWARD KENNEY.

Other new members of our Club are Marjorie Smith, Edmonton, Alta., Canada; Mary Mulford and Herbert Thalen, Berkeley, Calif.; Elinor Martin, New London, Conn.; Edward D. Noyes, Portland, Me.; Lillian Bissell, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mary E. Sumner, Omaha, Neb.; Martha Weed, Tamworth, N.H.; Albert Thornquist, Youngstown, Ohio; Edna P. Simmons, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Virginia Holland, Germantown, Pa.; Ethel Parkhill, Gainesville, Tex.; Caroline Conant, Windsor, Vt.; Louise T. Coffey, Alto, Va.; Lillie Lewis, Dodson, Va.

Church School News.

THE school of the Fourth Unitarian Church in Brooklyn continues to send interesting items of its activities. On December 18 the members of the school brought toys and useful gifts for the use of the Philanthropic Committee of the church, and by their offerings twenty-five other children were made happy at Christmas. On the next Sunday, which was Christmas Day, toys and gifts for the crippled children of St. Giles Hospital were brought. The names of children in the hospital had been secured, and on the Tuesday following, three members of the school went to the hospital with one of the teachers and gave to each child a gift neatly wrapped and bearing a card containing the name of the child for whom it was intended and of the member of the school who contributed it. The minister's class sang carols in the neighborhood of the church on Christmas Eve and repeated them at the Christmas service the next day. In addition to these lines of helpful service, the pupils themselves enjoyed their own Christmas party provided for them by the church. There are now thirty new members in this school, including nine entered on the Cradle Roll. Some of the children have done a fine service to the church in bringing their parents, who were not before attendants, to the church service.

The First Parish church school of Concord, Mass., B. Farnham Smith, Superintendent, has been quite carefully reor-

ganized and is now well graded. A pamphlet giving the course of study and the list of classes and teachers has been printed by this school and put into the hands of the parents. There has been a steady growth during the year, both in attendance and interest.

It is a pleasure to report the organization of a new school in connection with the First Unitarian Church of Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Louis A. Clarke is Superintendent. The school was organized January 22d of this year and has seventeen members grouped in four classes. There is every reason to expect that it will grow steadily in numbers and interest under the capable leadership of the Superintendent and teachers. A Cradle Roll has been started with the names of five children.

Although without a minister, the church at Winnipeg, Canada, is planning still to carry on the Sunday evening services. The second Sunday evening in February it is proposed to have a Sunday-school service at which an attempt will be made to show the members of the church the nature of the work being done in the Sunday school. The textbooks and hand-work used in the various classes will be exhibited and the Superintendent will give a synopsis of "Unwrought Iron" which is being used in the Senior class. Without doubt this service will be a revelation to most of the church members, and it is hoped will result in greater interest in the Sunday school.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 9, is medicine.
My 12, 9, 10, 11, is deliberate in movement.
My 3, 8, 5, is secretive.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a boy's nickname.
My whole are signs of Spring.

M. W.

ENIGMA L.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 3, 7, 6, is precious.
My 1, 17, 17, 2, 9, is a fruit.
My 14, 15, 1, 10, is false.
My 17, 12, 3, 13, 2, is a precious stone.
My 11, 7, 16, 8, is the edge.
My 5, 4, 3, 17, 12, is a fruit.
My whole is what our Unitarian schools are trying to secure.

H. J. D.

HIDDEN ISLANDS.

1. Here is a flannel bandage.
2. Many he succors, I can believe.
3. Is the Taj a vain show?
4. We fancy Prussia is beaten.
5. Can a rye field be unprofitable?
6. Avarice but weakens character.
7. Remember mud and tar stain.
8. I could anchor in this port, or I could sail on.

E. A. CALL.

TWISTED PRESIDENTS.

1. Igonanhwst	6. Clonnl
2. Kmlyecn	7. Nartg
3. Ldacenlve	8. Kojascn
4. Lsoveorte	9. Saidmon
5. Fdarileg	10. Rofejnsnf

DAVID F. ATWATER.

A CODE MESSAGE.

FPX DXXFPXH PXG UXXK
EXHB TXMS FPXG
JXGF DXXN.

JEWEL SMITH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 24.

ENIGMA XLV.—The Disarmament Conference.
ENIGMA XLVI.—Saturday Evening Post.
AN ACROSTIC.—

C10th
L-aRc-h
B-aAr-d
R-eNd-s
C-aGe-d
S-tEa-m

Answers to the puzzles in No. 16 were sent by a class of ten boys in St. John's First Protestant Church, Cincinnati, Ohio,—Miss Mary Neckel, teacher,—and by Dana V. Humphrey, Lynn, Mass. Answers to puzzles in No. 17 were sent by Miss Katherine Abbott, Lynn, Mass.

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FLORENCE BUCK, Editor.

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